So F***ing Impossible

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/24411043.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Jealous Will Graham, Possessive Behavior, Angry Sex, Rough Sex, Kitchen Sex, Sassy Will Graham, Hannibal is very very very excited, Timestamp, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Top Will Graham
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Perfect Match, Part 2 of Earthsickwithoutyou's Bottom Hannibal Collection 🍑🥰
Collections:	Wendigo & Stag
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-27 Words: 4,584 Chapters: 1/1

So F***ing Impossible

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Hannibal tells Will about the "private reserve" of beer which he originally created for Alana, and Will is none too pleased. Hannibal on the other hand...he could really get used to a jealous Will Graham.

Takes place between Chapter 23 and 24 of my fic "Perfect Match."

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“You’re in big trouble,” Will grunted as he came into the kitchen carrying a huge cardboard box labelled "Cookbooks," which he heaved onto the counter.

Hannibal looked up from his work at the center island, where he was occupied in carefully classifying his collection of wine glasses into slots in another box. With one glance over at Will, Hannibal almost allowed one of his prized hand-blown Toscany crystal goblets to slip through his fingers and smash onto the floor.

’Big trouble?’ Hannibal mused with a sudden rush of blood to the head and...elsewhere. *I hope so.*

Will’s face was flushed a beguiling pink and his unruly curls were a picturesque disaster, partially matted to his brow. He wore a white t-shirt similarly stuck to his upper body with sweat which also gleamed on his toned arms. All that Hannibal could truly consider for the moment was the desire to lick the slow rivulet of perspiration currently running down past Will’s collarbone to slide beneath the v of his shirt and between his pectorals, flooding him with a sudden sense of envy. Oh, just to be that droplet of sweat…

“Hello?” Will asked impatiently.

Hannibal stood frozen with the wine glass in his hand, dressed in a pristine sky blue shirt and a maroon and gold paisley tie, another of his color and pattern combinations which often baffled Will with their unlikely yet seamless perfection.

Will crossed his arms, his biceps subtly flexing, and Hannibal licked his lips. “Hmm?”

“You’re still packing up that same box of glasses? I’ve done half of the library in the time it’s taken you to put ten glasses away.”

“I cannot treat glasses and flatware with the same efficiency you bestow upon my books. As you may imagine, each of these items is delicate, and needs to be treated with the utmost care.”

“You wanna switch jobs?” Will asked, wiping the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand as he approached the fridge, sending a waft of sensuous aroma towards Hannibal which set him clutching the counter.

Will’s sweat was mingled with obvious arousal, despite his annoyed tone towards Hannibal. Accordingly, Hannibal feasted his desirous golden eyes on the shift of muscles in Will’s back under the damp white cotton fabric, and the sumptuous curves of Will’s pert ass in a pair of stone-grey khaki shorts as he leaned in to examine the contents of the fridge, simultaneously cooling his face off.

Even when he was aggravated with Hannibal, Will was far from immune to his boyfriend’s charms, a fact which Hannibal was very content to take advantage of.

“I suppose you think you’re cute, obsessing over every single thing in this kitchen as if it’s a lost piece of the holy grail,” Will said wryly, taking out the pitcher of fresh-squeezed

lemonade and pouring himself a tall glass.

“I am by no means attempting to be ‘cute,’” Hannibal lied, moving onto boxing the extravagant set of French champagne flutes featuring a thistle design in real gold.

“No one dresses like that to pack up their house when they’re moving.” Will rolled his eyes and took another sip of lemonade. “You look like you’re on your way to give lessons in elegant comportment at a prestigious university.”

Hannibal’s mouth tensed slightly as his patience with Will’s criticism began to wane. “Must every facet of my usual routine be sacrificed to this upheaval of my previously ingrained lifestyle?”

“Aww, does baby miss his solitary existence? Want me out of your hair so you can get back to brooding and killing and cooking all on your lonesome?” Will’s exaggerated pout made Hannibal’s blood boil.

“Don’t patronize me, Will.” Hannibal unbuttoned the collar of his shirt and shoved his sleeves up as he displayed a small sneer and a flash of indignance in his eyes.

Will knew how to read his microexpressions and flinched in response.

“I was only kidding, Hannibal. C’mon, you have to admit you’ve done half the work that I have in preparing for this move. I realize you’re a hot house flower, but we’re moving in a week and we’ve got to get our asses in gear.”

“Your so-called joke touches rather obviously on your continued insecurity over our relationship. If I’m slightly regretful at letting go of this place, you might be more sensitive to my feelings on the subject rather than allowing them to be distorted by your doubt in my commitment to our new life together.” Hannibal taped up the box of glasses and opened a fresh box. “In any case, rest assured I will double my efforts towards completing the boxing up of the kitchen items with all due speed and alacrity.”

“‘With all due speed and alacrity’? Why do you turn into a morally offended Jane Austen hero every time I piss you off?” Will came close by Hannibal’s side and kissed his cheek, but Hannibal’s features remained iron, fixed in stubborn irritation.

“Is that the only answer I should expect to receive?” Hannibal asked coldly, wrapping some dinner plates in newspaper.

“Okay, that’s literally a quote from *Pride and Prejudice*,” Will sighed. “Look, I’m sorry, okay? I was just trying to inject some urgency into the situation, and then I got a little pissed off at *you*, but also annoyed that you look so damn cute today at the same time I’m trying to be mad, and I made a bad joke. I do believe you when you say you love me and you want this new house with me.”

“If you say so,” Hannibal sniffed, avoiding Will’s wide, beseeching blue eyes.

“You know what, fine, stay mad.” Will threw his hands up. “I’ve got enough to deal with today aside from your tantrums.”

“That is the second time you have referred to me in juvenile terms, Will. I can’t say I find it amusing.”

“I can’t say it’s intended as amusing,” Will snipped. “You’re acting like a child; I’m calling you one. Makes sense to me.”

Hannibal smoldered with barely contained anger, mainly at his own weakness. Why did Will have to look quite so beautiful when he was being entirely obnoxious?

“Perhaps you should leave me on my own to complete my assigned work, so that my childish antics won’t take up any more of your valuable time. I will pack up the beer-making implements next, and then the cutlery. Everything should be done before it is time for dinner, although I find myself looking less forward to our planned outing than previously.”

“I’m sorry we keep butting heads,” Will groaned. “Can’t you be sorry, too?”

“If it pleases you, my love,” said Hannibal poisonously.

“Whatever, *Fitzwilliam*. Hey, what were you just saying about ‘beer making implements’? I didn’t know you brewed your own beer.”

“As it happens, I have my own private reserve, although its original recipient is no longer invited to imbibe.” Hannibal retrieved the large brew pot, mesh strainer and tubing from a large cabinet under the sink where Will had never happened to peek before.

“You started brewing beer just for one person?” Will’s curiosity flared and Hannibal repressed a smug smile.

“For Alana Bloom. Prior to my romantic relationship with you, Alana would come over to cook with me quite often. As she doesn’t care for wine, I began a reserve of beer for her, including certain ingredients to help expand her palate, of course.”

“Of course.” Will’s jaw twitched. “When was this, exactly?”

“Last autumn.” Hannibal neatly coiled the tubing and placed it in the box.

“Were you flirting with her? Making Alana her very own beer? A personal reserve?” Will’s questions tumbled breathlessly over each other.

“Of course,” said Hannibal lightly, continuing to pack up the various accoutrements with a blase expression. “You have yourself admitted she’s very kissable, so much that you took the liberty of confirming the theory. I never went so far with her, but I had a potential plan in play for seducing Alana to have a useful alibi, and to continue keeping her blind to my extracurricular interests.”

“You were attracted to Alana, you enjoyed flirting with her, you planned to have an affair with her.” Will glared at Hannibal. “When were you going to tell me about this?”

“It hardly matters, since nothing ever came of it, and I’m with you.” Speaking haughtily, Hannibal swept a glossy lock of silvery-blonde hair back from his brow with the utmost dignity and squared his shoulders, more than ready to take on Will’s interrogation.

“Oh, really, Hannibal? As I recall, this would have been during the same period of time when you were also flirting pretty heavily with me. I didn’t know I was only one of your many potential paramours.” He practically spat the words.

“You’re overreacting,” Hannibal said in his patented, holier-than-thou therapist voice. “There were not ‘many’ potential paramours, only you and Alana.”

“Jesus fucking Christ, you bastard. So in other words, if it wasn’t for the fact that you and I happened to match up on that dating app and started seeing each other, Alana Bloom might be standing here right now instead of me.”

“You’re not only paranoid, but very foolish if you truly think that is the case. No one else can hold a candle to you in my eyes. I’ve made that rather excruciatingly clear, or so I had thought.”

Will’s mouth dropped open and he held a hand out in wordless, astonished frustration for a few beats. “You’re trying to turn this around on me?”

“Don’t be absurd.”

“Throw it all away,” Will commanded, hot-headed and surly. “Every single piece of the beer-making equipment, and any of that beer you still have in the reserve.”

“I will do no such thing.” Hannibal’s eyes met Will’s calmly, although a sudden thrill shot though him like wildfire.

Letting Will see the truth of his fresh elation would only worsen the tension between them, would offend his love even further. He hadn’t decided what he wanted to do at this juncture, if he wanted to push or pull. In allowing the subject to enter their conversation, he had only intended to mildly irritate Will, having no expectation of such a strong reaction.

But the simple fact of the matter was that Hannibal had been rendered a pathetic, practically hyperventilating jealous mess over Will Graham on multiple occasions. In the back of his mind, he had always assumed Will wasn’t as vulnerable to the emotions of jealousy or possessiveness as he. There had been a bitter sense of unrequited need on Hannibal’s side, with a tinge of embarrassment.

He knew Will loved him, but if Hannibal ever strayed, or if someone else wanted him, it wouldn’t destroy Will or drive him to a murderous rage of which the world should be afraid. Perhaps there was still the shadow looming in Hannibal’s own repressed insecurities, the thought that Will couldn’t really love him as much as he loved Will. That no one could love someone so twisted and monstrous, someone who had once lied and manipulated him and plotted to see him confined to a prison cell in the interest of self-preservation. Hannibal doubted he was really redeemed in Will’s eyes. He worried that while everything in Will was

endlessly delightful to him, Will merely tolerated Hannibal's flaws, pardoned them out of affection.

Just the other evening, at the opera, there had been a fair number of cultured acolytes hanging on Hannibal's every word, and Will had let Hannibal bask in his popularity, even the occasional unreturned flirtation from some of his admirers. Will hadn't seemed to mind, and Hannibal had minded that. If the tables had been turned, Hannibal would have felt compelled to snap the necks of anyone bestowing a lingering incidental touch or hovering in Will's personal space.

Now, however, Will was brimming over with anger and Hannibal couldn't have been more wonderfully surprised. His heart was filled to bursting with the sensation of Will's jealousy and possessiveness, and he desperately wanted more of it.

"Throw it away." Will stepped closer, arms crossed, glaring, voice full of flint.

Hannibal's eyes filled with tears of joy. "No," he sighed out, trembling.

"Why not? Do you need to hold onto some part of the possible relationship you could have had with Alana? Do you still want her? Do you think about her sometimes, when we're together? Wish you were with her? She's softer than me, easier to get along with…"

"No," Hannibal repeated. "I don't want her. I never wanted her out of anything but boredom and passing interest, but mainly strategic advantage. I only want you. I've only wanted you since the day we met."

Will grabbed the trash can from the opposite cabinet and slammed it down in front of Hannibal. "Throw it away. I'm going to stand here and watch you. Then you'll pour all of the beer down the drain, every drop of it."

"That's a ridiculous waste of excellent beer," Hannibal objected. "I've told you I feel nothing for her."

"I don't care what you say about it now!" Will ruffled his own hair hard, struggling through some wildly upsetting revelation. "It's how *I* feel, Hannibal. I feel-- I'm so fucking...God, what is this?"

"You're jealous," Hannibal suggested softly as a shiver went down his spine at the intensity in Will's face, contorted in passionate outrage and need.

Will bore down on Hannibal and grasped his chin in a vice grip. "Do as you're told," he snapped, then released him and went back to watching.

Hannibal nodded, hands still shaking slightly as he poured the contents of the box into the garbage, all of the implements of his beer-making equipment. "The remainder of the reserve is in the basement."

Will nodded. "Go get it."

Hannibal brought up the casks of beer and disposed of them in the sink, thinking it really was a shame to destroy such a tasty and unique creation on his part, but that it was more than worth it for the sake of the ecstasy singing through him at the mere thought of why he was doing this.

Will stood stock still and glowering as Hannibal finished the job, then turned back to face him, feigning concerned dismay.

“Are you satisfied now, Will?”

“Not yet. Take off your pants.”

Hannibal’s cock jumped to hard, hot, throbbing attention as sweat beaded his forehead. “What?”

“Just pull them down to your ankles and bend over the counter.” Will spoke in the same authoritative, gravely tone that made Hannibal’s heart squeeze with rapturous erotic anticipation as he immediately obeyed.

Will yanked a nearby cabinet open and took out a tub of coconut oil, then placed it on the counter beside Hannibal’s spread fingers. He leaned into Hannibal’s ear and said hotly, “Are you sorry?”

“No,” Hannibal admitted. “I can’t regret the past, as it led to me finally understanding that you’re capable of feeling this for me.” He let out a nervous, fluttery laugh, pulling on Will’s feelings like taffy. “I thought I was the jealous one--”

“You thought I was above needing you to be mine?” Will asked, his lovely fingers caressing and then kneading deeply into the meat of Hannibal’s ass. “And only *mine?*”

“I didn’t think you were capable of doubting that I’m yours. I’ve been so completely obvious in my love for you--”

“It’s not enough,” Will announced brusquely. He leaned down to spread Hannibal’s cheeks wider and lick between them, wetting Hannibal’s hole and moaning against him. “I’ve been hard since we started arguing. Even when I’m furious with you, I need to fuck you like I need to breathe. Do you know why that is?”

He bit Hannibal’s ass sharply, drawing a loud mewl from Hannibal’s lips, and went back to rimming him with sloppy, breathless greed.

“Because you’re mine,” Will insisted gruffly, squeezing Hannibal’s ass cheeks hard enough to leave bruises.

Hannibal truly did love submitting to Will, at least as much as he liked taking his lover over. He gasped as pleasurable tingles spread from every damp, soft stroke of Will’s skilled tongue. Will spanked him, swift and hard with the flat of his hand and demanded, voice trembling with any number of ruthless emotions, “Tell me who you belong to.”

“I belong to you,” Hannibal sighed, and Will smacked his ass even more harshly. Sweet reverberations of pain stung his skin in the wake of Will’s strong, calloused hand, and Hannibal moaned, “only you.”

Will lavished his hole with more fevered, obsessive sweeps of his velvety tongue and there was nothing between them but Hannibal’s helpless whimpers as his fingers slid over the counter in a failed attempt to find purchase.

“You belong to me,” Will growled, punctuating the statement with another quick, sound spanking.

“Please, Will,” Hannibal begged, looking over his shoulder to find his lover looking more beautiful in his fury than he could have imagined, sweaty dark curls tumbling over his forehead, pretty pink tongue darting over his plush lips to savor the taste of Hannibal. Will’s eyes glowed bright blue and savage while tight, slender but powerful muscles rippled under that sinfully snug, wet t-shirt.

“Please, what, Hannibal?”

“I’m yours and I need you to take me.” Hannibal swallowed hard and arched his back, widening his legs to make it easier for Will.

“Mine,” Will repeated, rubbing coconut oil into Hannibal’s hole, sliding a finger in to the knuckle, impatient and anything but gentle. He hissed as Hannibal's body hugged him tightly, needing more of Will’s fingers to be ready. He pulled his hand away, and Hannibal knew this was all the foreplay he would be getting.

The thought of the pain to come, of being breached too fast and hard with nothing but Will’s own pleasure as the goal, it was too much; he was dizzy with it. He needed it.

Will’s voice was low and merciless. “Don’t ever, *ever* do something like that again, or worse, hide it from me. No special, secret rituals with anyone else you’re attracted to. I’ll tear them apart, and I’ll take it out on you, too.”

“Take it out on me,” Hannibal sighed, “Kill whom you please. Paint me with their blood while I’m on my knees swallowing you down, prostrate on the altar of your beauty. But I’ll never want anyone else again.”

Will undid his own trousers in a hectic rush, freed his bulging cock and slicked himself up with the coconut oil. “Promise me.”

He pushed his rigid length into Hannibal all in one rough, demanding stroke, and Hannibal squeezed his eyes shut, seeing stars as he cried out hoarsely, “*Will!*” Pressing his forehead to the counter, he gasped out, "I promise."

“I’m not going to make this easy for you, Hannibal.” Will planted a hand on his back to push him harder into the counter, his other hand locked on Hannibal’s hip. “Your behavior has been appalling. Arch your back more and open up.”

“Will...mylimasis,” Hannibal whined, pain and bliss shaking him to the core with every rough smack of Will’s hips against him, every deep, relentless slide of Will’s cock, ramming so hard he got past Hannibal’s natural defenses and drove in to the hilt. Will’s cock was long and rock solid, and the brutal burn of it electrified him.

“Harder,” Hannibal begged. His mouth was overflowing with drool and he couldn’t be sure it wasn’t leaking onto the counter. “Show me how you feel.”

“There’s almost nothing in my life that isn’t you,” Will said darkly, grabbing both of Hannibal’s hips and fucking him in vicious, fast strokes, giving him no chance to catch his breath or process a thought beyond being taken and punished and claimed all because Will was *jealous* and he wanted Hannibal to belong only to him--

How Hannibal loved to see Will driven mad and wild by his basest instincts, barbaric and sadistic, blindingly beautiful like some ancient warrior prince. And to *feel* Will when he was like this, to take Will deep inside his own body and make of himself a willing sacrament, was an honor beyond words or any concept of love he had dared to dream possible before their joining.

“I don’t want anything else, you’ve taken that away from me, the ability to want other things, other people. You’re my world. I need to be yours--” Will moaned as his own pleasure began to build towards a shattering climax. “Oh, God, you feel so *good*, fucking tight and perfect — I’m close, baby.”

“Fill me up,” Hannibal answered deliriously. Will was pounding his prostate so divinely that he didn’t need to lift a finger to bring himself to orgasm, not that he was in any position to attempt it. “I want it, Will, more than anything—”

He tried to catch his breath when Will spanked him and thrust in again and again, and his precious boy was being *messy*, his movements without rhythm or design beyond chasing his own orgasm. “Please—give it— to me.”

“I’m so mad at you right now.” Will wrapped a hand around Hannibal’s throat and squeezed as he went on roughly fucking into the slick, tight clutch of his body. “And you feel amazing, you’re gorgeous. I love you--”

He shuddered and the shudder went through Hannibal’s body and they were one, a writhing, relentless force of ecstatic heat. “I hate you sometimes.”

Every word had to fight its way out past ragged sighs and moans of pleasure. Hannibal’s sweaty fingers dragged across the counter, his vision blurring slightly as he came with a powerful surge of joy that swept him from head to toe. His cum spurted thickly, haphazardly onto his previously immaculate floor as Will followed him over the edge with a loud, shameless moan. Hannibal felt the warm gush of Will’s seed pouring out inside him and wished he could keep it there forever. Will rode out his orgasm at the same pitiless speed, extending both their pleasure as he ran a hand under Hannibal’s shirt, tugging at his chest hair and tweaking a hardened nipple.

“Will,” Hannibal mewled as he was pushed into a heady blend of oversensitivity and unbearable pleasure, forgetting every other word in every language he knew. There was only Will, wiping out all previous concerns or fixations, making him whole.

“I…” he gasped and heaved against the counter, shaking like a leaf.

“Oh, God,” Will sighed, sounding sheepish all of a sudden as he started to gradually come down from his high. He pulled out of Hannibal with a groan of immediate deprivation, then tenderly guided his lover around to face him.

“I’m sorry, that was terrible of me.” Will’s eyes were genuinely repentant as he watched the awestruck, nearly terrified rapture playing across Hannibal’s features.

Will’s eyes narrowed. Hannibal’s face was beet red, his eyes watering over, most likely from pain in being fucked so hard with the briefest preparation and not the slightest mercy. Not to mention the humiliation of the whole procedure, the suggestion of punishment that really didn’t fit the crime.

“Why don’t you look more upset?” Will asked as a slow smile spread across his face and Hannibal fell delightedly into his arms for a tight hug. “I don’t have any right to blame you for flirting with Alana before we were together, I’m guilty of the same thing, and it wasn’t even infidelity. So we share the same almost-could-have-been-ex, what’s the big deal? I don’t know, I just lost my fucking mind for some reason…”

“Jealousy,” Hannibal grinned into the crook of Will’s neck. He could barely stand thanks to his aching ass and shaking legs. He’d never been happier.

“Yeah.” Will’s brow furrowed as he massaged Hannibal’s back over his now-wrinkled shirt. Hannibal’s skin was hot, and his heart against Will’s chest was thundering at an almost frightening speed. “I’ve never felt it like that before. The mere idea of you concocting a scheme to seduce someone else…” His fingers tightened on Hannibal’s shirt.

“That time in my life is over, dear one, and ended with our very first date.” Hannibal’s voice was silky-smooth and Will melted against him automatically. “But please, feel free to give vent to your frustration towards me in this manner any time you’d like. I feel so deliciously desired and needed, I’m almost grateful to that half-forgotten batch of beer.”

“You’re awfully forgiving, considering I’ve been a total grump to you all day. Hannibal?” Will drew back and took Hannibal’s face in his hands, looking rueful. “I didn’t mean to bitch at you about the packing. It’s just hot and I had a headache, and moving is stressful…”

“Particularly because you had it in you to doubt how much I want to move with you.” Hannibal gave a reproving smile and slid his fingers through Will’s softly moistened curls. “That is something I can’t understand.”

“Um, the dog hair and the drool, the fishing gear about to half take over your domain? The fact that you’re leaving this house behind after you built a whole life for yourself here that was safe and insulated from the world, from you getting hurt, and now you’re laying yourself

open to me? I thought you might be stalling, to be honest, taking too long to pack up on purpose because you were having second thoughts."

Will bit his lip. It might have seemed strange and awkward to have a deep relationship talk right after angry sex in the kitchen when they were both sweaty and dripping cum with their pants around their ankles. Instead it felt honest and just right.

"I couldn't be more excited to build our life together. I love our new house and I love you more, much more than I can say. I'm afraid you'll just have to accept that I'm an overly methodical packer…"

"...and leave my insecurities behind?" Will laughed, resting a hand on his heart with feigned shock. "Who would I even be if I just accepted your unconditional affection and let go of my doubt you really want this?"

Hannibal was infinitely puzzled that they both kept coming against this wall, thinking the other couldn't fully reciprocate their feelings. Every time he thought they had finally resolved the paranoia, some time would elapse and another incident would reveal that one or both of them still harbored the suspicion. Then he supposed neither of them had been raised in an environment that made trust easy in their adult life, and that all the love in the world could not engender a trust so hampered down in habitual defensiveness and cynicism. They were past each other's defenses, but hadn't let down their guards nor laid down arms.

"You would still be who you are, Will." Hannibal kissed his lips sweetly and added, "Mine."

"I was so mean, I made you not excited to take me out for dinner anymore," Will pouted.

"Hush, you petulant boy," Hannibal rebuked him gently. "You know I didn't mean that. I'm delighted to take you out for a splendid meal, only the best, such as you deserve."

"You take such good care of me, even when it's by letting me put you in your place." Will's tone was as soft as his eyes, bitterness having been swept away by purely sentimental gratitude.

"It's the joy of my life to care for you. And while we're discussing it, how is your headache now?"

"Miraculously gone," Will smirked.

End Notes

I know I promised fluff after that angsty last timestamp, and this is more sassy, but I have some major fluffiness coming up soon. 😉

Title from the CXLOE song "Tough Love."

Thanks for reading!

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